

DEIRDRE DWYER

The Two-Sided City
—for Anna

A city of futons in every window
on sunny days,
city of umbrellas when it rains—

in this place I think of you,
five months old in Nova Scotia
while I'm in *Kanamachi, town of money*
where the cherry trees blossomed last week
and fall to the sidewalk now
like a rain of pink confetti
or like a snow
the sunset turns colours.

I used to sit with you
in the rocking chair,
you, a newborn
tucked inside my old arms.

So many oceans between us,
so many dark-haired people here—
when you slept in my arms
I'd softly touch *your* hair
that's almost auburn in the true light

that I've already forgotten
for the approaching rainy season,
the humid weather and typhoons.
When I see you again
will you be able to ask me
where I have been?

17 April 1987
Kanamachi, Tokyo